

Featuring
**CANDID
CHARLIE**

4MOST

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Grant

SUMMER
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**STORE IN WARM
DRY PLACE**

**VOL. 3
NO. 3**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

DEAR READERS:

Sloppy came in to see us today. We haven't seen Sloppy for a long time. Fifteen years old and a high school Sophomore, he has been busy both in and out of school, and just recently he has been working on salvage collection—especially on saving waste paper.

Maybe we had better tell you about Sloppy's name. He got it in the same way that a long, tall drink of water gets nicknamed Shorty, or a fat boy is called Skinny; for he actually is a handsome boy and his clothing and appearance are so smart and neat that he is known as a smoothie.

Sloppy saw that we were busy, so he said, "I won't stay long, but maybe you'd like to hear a story."

Of course, we said yes. Sloppy's stories, or "Sloppy's fables," as we call them, are really something. He never comes right out and tells you what he is thinking; he just tells his little story and leaves you to figure out what it means.

"Once there was a soldiers' camp," Sloppy began, "a brand-new camp. The soldiers were on their way to move in, when a discussion began in a nearby town about how the camp would be heated. Some Firecrackers were bragging, 'We'll probably get the job. There's nothing like the sparkle and brilliance of Firecrackers.' Some Coal Chunks spoke up hopefully, 'Maybe we'll have a chance. Our family has been in the business a long time.'"

"The Firecrackers were so noisy that they got a lot of attention, and the soldiers at the camp

gave them a trial. You never saw such popping and crackling and sparkling when the Firecrackers first went to work. The soldiers cheered for a while, but after the first fizzles, the Firecrackers didn't throw off much heat, so the Coal Chunks boys got their chance. The Coal Chunks didn't make so much noise; they didn't keep shouting, 'Look at me! Look at me!', but they did stick steadily to the job. The Firecrackers were out of the heating business forever after the steady, hard-working Coal Chunks boys took over.

"Good-bye," said Sloppy, "I've got to be running along. We have a waste paper salvage collection this afternoon. There is still a tremendous need for paper salvage to go into paper for bomb casings, packages for blood plasma, tropical helmets, parachute flares, practice bombs, etc."

So Sloppy breezed along.

Now what do you suppose Sloppy's fable was all about? Could it be that some people are just "Firecrackers" when it comes to things like salvaging paper, saving fat, tin cans, and the like? Could it be that he was trying to give a pat on the back to steady, perhaps unglamorous, but really patriotic people who keep working right along?

How have YOU been doing lately on your salvage work—especially paper salvage?

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

If Sloppy brings in any more stories, shall we print them for you to read? How about it, Readers? Do you like "Sloppy's Fables"?

DICK COLE

WONDER BOY



JIM WILCOX '44

WITH SUMMER VACATION AT HAND MAJOR FARR SUGGESTS TO DICK COLE THAT HE OBTAIN WORK WITH THE CRADDOCK LUMBER CO. AT HIGHTOP, TENNESSEE. DICK IS SURE IT WILL BE GREAT FUN, SO WE FIND HIM DRIVING TOWARDS HIGHTOP WITH A FRIEND OF THE MAJOR WHO HAPPENED TO HAVE BUSINESS IN THAT SECTION

GRAND COUNTRY, EH, DICK? IT'S ONLY ABOUT AN HOUR NOW TO HIGHTOP. YOUR JOB? I'VE ALREADY WRITTEN MR. WATT ARRANGING FOR ONE IN

SHALL I GET A JOB IN THE WOODS OR IN THE YARD, MR. DRAWN.



—THE YARD, DICK. EASIER TO CATCH ON, AND YOU LEARN WHAT HAPPENS TO TREES AFTER THEY ARE CUT. TAKE YOUR TIMBER NEXT TIME.



IN THE OFFICE OF THE CRADDOCK LUMBER CO. IN HIGHTOP.

MR. WATT, THIS IS DICK COLE, FARR MILITARY ACADEMY. HE WANTS A JOB IN THE LUMBER YARD.

ALL RIGHT. REPORT TO LEM STONE, DOCK 3, TOMORROW AT 6.30 A.M. REMIND SHOWIN'

COLE TO THE COMPANY HOTEL, MR. DRAWN?



AT THE COMPANY HOTEL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF HIGHTOP.

HELLO, MR. MUNN. I GOT A NEW BOARDER FOR YOU—DICK COLE. CAN YOU PUT HIM UP?

HOWDY, MR. DRAWN. I SURE CAN. HE KIN BED IN WITH PETE.



Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

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HOLD IT, DICK! THAT'S **WILD JOHN**, TOUGHEST BULLY IN THESE PARTS! HE AND HIS FOUR PALS JUST ROAM FROM CAMP TO CAMP STIRRIN' UP TROUBLE. HE'S GREEN LUMBER BOSS IN THE YARD THIS TRIP.

I DON'T CARE IF HE'S -- OKAY, PETE, LET'S SKIP IT!



IF THE BIG BOSS, THE **MAJOR**, WASN'T AWAY, WILD JOHN WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIRED. HE'S **BAD!** STAY CLEAR OF HIM.

I'LL TRY, BUT I HATE BEING PUSHED!



NEXT MORNING THE BOYS REPORT TO **LEM STONE**, CREW BOSS.

LEM, HERE'S A NEW MAN FOR YOU, **DICK COLE**. HE'S GREEN.

HOWDY. WE NEED AN OUT BOY, SO THAT'LL BE YOUR JOB.

SIR, WHAT IS AN OUT BOY?



IN LOADIN' A CAR, YER FIND SOME BOARDS NOT UP TO SNUFF. THESE YER HAND OUT TO THE **OUT BOY** TO PILE ON THE DOCK.

OH, I SEE.

6.30, BOYS- LET'S GO!



THE END OF THE DAY FINDS DICK TIRED FROM UNACCUSTOMED STOOPING, AND HIS HANDS SPLINTERED. HE ASKS PETE TO SWING BACK BY WAY OF HIGHTOP, TO BUY SOME GLOVES.

LET'S EAT IN TOWN AND THEN SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON.

SUITS ME IF WE DON'T STAY TOO LATE.



TWO HOURS LATER.

THIS IS **CAL'S** POOL ROOM, BARBER SHOP, TOWN HANG OUT. WANT TO GO IN?

SURE.



HEY, DICK, THERE'S **SKIN YOUNT** IN A POOL MATCH. HE'S A WHIZ! LET'S GO WATCH 'EM



YER CAIN'T NEVER WHOP YOUNT, NO-HOW. I'LL SHOW YER. LEMME HEV THAT CUE!

QUIT FAULTIN' ME, WILD JOHN. I'M AIMIN' TO WIN THIS. WE-UNS GOT A MATCH-ON.

T'HECK WITH YER MATCH, GI'N ME THAT CUE AND GIT OUTEN MY WAY!

B-BUT-

GIT! AFORE YER GITS BODACIOUSLY RUINT!

AH! NOW, YOUNT, WE-UNS KIN HEV A PINT-BLANK MATCH!

MATCH IS 300 PINTS FER TWO DOLLARS. YOU BREAK FUST.

YOUNT'LL WIN, WHICH IS BAD. WILD JOHN CAN'T TAKE IT AFORE HIS GANG. NOTICE 'EM?

'YEAH. JUST CAME IN. KINDA TOUGH.

YOUNT MAKES A RUN OF 12 BALLS, AND—

HIT'S 'BOUT TIME YER MISSED-- HAIN'T HIT?

SOUNDS LIKE YER GETTIN' TH' ALLOVERS.

I'M FIXIN' TO WHUP YOU BY 50 PINTS, WILD JOHN! HYAH GOES.

SOMETIME LATER. SCORE, YOUNT, 234—WILD JOHN, 126. THE BALLS ARE RACKED, WILD JOHN BREAKS—BUT NOT A BALL FALLS.

YORE SHOOT., M-MF! HIT'S ONHEALTHY TO SINK TOO MANY BALLS, YOUNT!

MEBBE SO—BUT I AIM TO CLEAN 'EM OFF THIS TIME.

THAT DOES HIT! YER OWES ME TWO BIG DOLLARS!

YOU-YER CHEATED! I DON'T OWE, YER NOTHIN'—CEPT—

THIS! TAKE HIM, BOYS! SOC!

YOUNT IS ENCIRCLED BY WILD JOHN'S PALS, CUFFED AND KICKED AROUND THE CIRCLE, AND THEN THROWN INTO THE CLEAR, TO BE SEIZED BY WILD JOHN.

DON'T NEVER COME IN HYAR AGIN, SKIN YOUNT! IF -- ?!



YOU COWARDS! FIVE ON ONE! LET HIM GO!



WHY YOU HOUN' PUP! I'LL SKIN YER ALIVE!



DUCKING UNDER A WILD SWING-



DICK LIFTS WILD JOHN FROM THE FLOOR-AND-



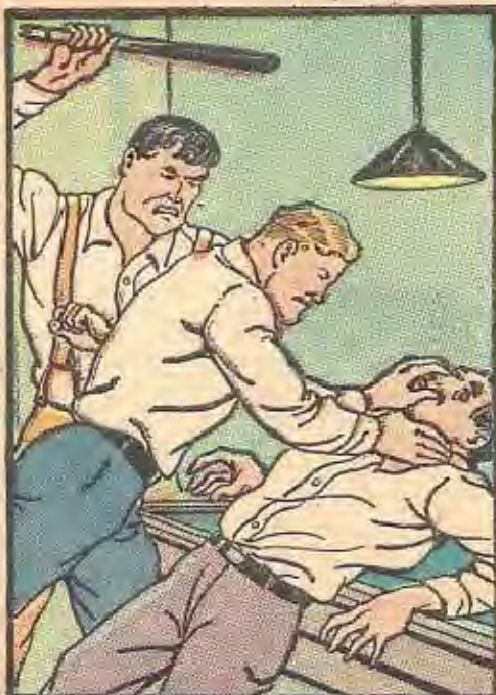
C'MON, BOYS, GIT THE FURRINER!



SHAKEN FROM HIS FALL,
WILD JOHN SLIDES OFF
THE TABLE AND SEIZES
A CUE.

HYAR'S WHAR
I GITS ME A VARMINT!

CRAC!



THAT'LL LARN YE!
NOW FER THAT
SKONK THAT
THROWED
ME!



MEANWHILE DICK HAS BEEN VERY BUSY!



DROP IT! HA! WILD JOHN!!
YOU WANT TO KILL
A MAN AND BE UP
FER MURDER?

OUCH!
UGH! THE
"MAJOR!"



BREAK IT UP! I CAINT AFFORD MEN GETTIN' LAID UP! WE
GOT A CONTRACT TO MEET! WILD JOHN! COME BACK HYAR!





10 MINUTES LATER.

COLE! QUIT FEEDIN' THEM BOARDS SO FAST! TRYIN' TO BREAK MY BACK?

NO-O. JUST FOLLOWIN' ORDERS TO SPEED UP, TOM.

WAL, FERGIT THEM ORDERS. LEM AIN'T HERE. WE KIN LOAF.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE TURNED TO SUGAR, TOM!

ME? SUGAR? I'LL SUGAR YOU!

TOM! STAY THERE! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE TIME!

NO FURRINER GIVES ME ORDERS NOHOW! I'M A-COMIN' FER YE!

LON DELIVERS HIS SUNDAY PUNCH. DICK SIDESTEPS—SLIPS—

AND CRASHES ON HIS BACK.

TOM KICKS AT DICK'S HEAD, BUT DICK ROLLS—

GRABS TOM'S OTHER ANKLE AND—YANKS!

GET UP AND FIGHT CLEAN!



TOM!
COLE!
DRAP
IT!!
BACK
ON THE
JOB!
WHERE'S
STONE!

HYAR, MAJOR. BIN
GETTIN' US A OUT
BOY.



YOUR JOB IS
GETTIN' CARS
LOADED - NOT
OUT BOYS!
COME OVER
HERE FER A
MINUTE, STONE.



LEM, SURE AS SHOOTIN' WILD
JOHN IS BEHIND THIS WORK
SLOW-DOWN! COME SUNDAY,
I'M TENDIN' TO HIM AFORE
EV'BODY IN HIGHTOP! THEN
I'M FIRIN' HIM-AND HIS PALS.
KEEP YORE CREW TOP SPEED.
SEE YOU LATER.



C'MON, BOYS, WE-
HEY! WHAR'S TOM?

HE SKUN AROUN' THE
BOX CAR WHILES YOU
AN "MAJOR" TALKED.



SOMETIME LATER
ACROSS THE LUMBER
YARD.

KIN I SEE YER A
MINNIT, WILD JOHN?
HIT'S IMPORTANT.

HUH? WHY
SHORE. HERE,
ED, CHECK THIS TALLY



"MAJOR" JES' TOLE LEM
HE'S A-GOIN' TO GIVE
YER YORE NEEDINS,
COME SUNDAY. HE
KNOWS YER TRYIN'
TER SPILE THE
CONTRACT.

SUNDAY! FIXIN' TER
PUT ON A SHOW FER
ALL HIGHTOP, I S'POSE.
H-M-M! IT MOUGHT BE
THE "MAJOR" AIN'T A-GOIN'
TO BE IN TOWN-SUNDAY!



WORK OVER FOR THE DAY, DICK IS HEADING
FOR THE HOTEL WHEN A VOICE HAILS HIM.

MIND COMPANY, COLE?

GLAD TO HAVE
YOU, MAJOR.

LEM SAYS YOU'RE DOIN' A GOOD JOB. SAY- CAN YOU FLING A ROCK? FLING-A-? UH-I PITCH FOR FARR M.A. BASEBALL TEAM. WHY, SIR?



SEE THAT CHIPMUNK? TWO BITS SEZ YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM JUMP! OKAY. IT'S A BET, SIR.



AS DICK STOOPS FOR A STONE. TWO SHOTS RING OUT.



SHOCKED, DICK STARES AT THE "MAJOR." ANOTHER SHOT!



HOLY COW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NICKED MY CHEEK! WE BETTER GET TO COVER-AND QUICK!



ALL THAT'S SAVING ME'S THAT BUSH. HE CAN'T DRAW A GOOD BEAD. WHEW! MAJOR'S HEAVY!



DEEP IN THE BUSHES, DICK LIES QUIET FOR SOME TIME, BUT THERE ARE NO MORE SHOTS.

NOW WHAT? THE MAJOR'S STILL BREATHING. I GOT TO GET HIM TO THE DOCTOR!

WELL, HERE GOES! I WONDER WHO BUSHWACKED US-AND WHY? THE DIRTY COWARDS!



HE'S SO HEAVY, I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THE PATH. IF SOME ONE'S LAYING FOR US-GOOD NIGHT!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, AT THE HOTEL, THE DOCTOR GIVES HIS VERDICT

ONE SHOT GRAZED THE TEMPLE AND KNOCKED HIM OUT. ANOTHER PASSED THROUGH THE TRAPEZIUS, MISSING THE CLAVICLE. HE'S WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. A FEW DAYS OF REST IS ALL THAT'S NEEDED.



LATER IN THE BOYS' ROOM.

PETE, IF I HADN'T STOOPED FOR THAT STONE, I'D BEEN A DEAD BUZZARD!

YOU SURE OWN A HORSESHOE THE COMPANY COULD USE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PETE?

NO LUCK! WITH THE MAJOR OUT, WILD JOHN AND HIS BOYS'LL RUIN PRODUCTION. THE COMPANY LOSES THE CONTRACT!



PETE, IF ALL HIGHTOP SAW WILD JOHN SMACKED DOWN, HE'D BE LAUGHED OUT OF TOWN-ESPECIALLY IF A KID "FURRINER" DID IT. RIGHT?

HE SURE WO- HEY! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?



JUST THIS. I- HEY!



IT'S PAPER WRAPPED
AROUND A ROCK.

MUST BE A
MESSAGE.



IT IS. LISTEN, "DON'T
LET THE SETTIN' SUN
FIND YOU IN HIGHTOP
TOMORRER. THIS
MEANS YOU, DICK COLE.
IT'S SIGNED "W.J."

O-KAY!
TOMORROW
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
WILD
JOHN!



ON SUNDAYS MOST OF
THE CRADDOCK COMP-
ANY WORKERS AND
CITIZENS OF HIGHTOP
GATHER IN THE TOWN
SQUARE TO SPEND
THE DAY LOAFING
AND TALKING.

DICK AND PETE HAVE
THEIR NOON MEAL-
THEN HEAD FOR THE
TOWN
SQUARE.



I ADMIRE YOUR
NERVE, DICK.
BUT WATCH HIM,
HE WON'T FIGHT
FAIR. ER-I GOT
A GUN WITH
ME-JUST
IN CASE!

GOOD GRIEF,
PETE! DON'T
DO ANY
SHOOTING!



AND ON THE PORCH OF
HIGHTOP'S GENERAL
STORE,



YOU-UNS AIR WAIT-
IN' TER SEE THE
MAJOR RUN ME
OUT O' TOWN....
I'M WAITIN'-
BIN HYAR ALL
DAY. WHAR
IS HE?!

I HEARN TELL HE
GOT SHOT AN'
IS 'PORELY AN'
IS GOIN' TER BED
HIT FER A SPELL.



HA! HAIN'T NEVER NO
SECH HAPPENED! HE'S
JES' A-SCAIRT AS A
TREED COON! NO ONE
RUNS WILD JOHN OUT
O' NO TOWN NOHOW!



THAT'S WHAT YOU
THINK! WILD
JOHN, YOU'RE
LEAVING HIGH-
TOP-NOW!



HUH? BLUP-UH-WHU-WHAT!
YER BEREFT!.. GIT! AFORE
I PLANTS
YER SIX
FOOT
UNDER!



OH, YEAH?
TRY IT-
YOU PRE-
HISTORIC
APE!

PRE-PREHIS-I
AIN'T NO SECH!
FER THE LAST-



OH, SHUT UP
OR PUT UP,
YOU YELLOW
BUSHWACKER!

(ROAR!)
BUSHWACKER!
HYAR I COME,
YOU MANGEY
VARMINT!



DICK SIDE-STEPS THE WILD
RUSH AND-



BADLY SHAKES UP WILD JOHN.

HITTIN' FROM BE-
HIND! NOW I GOT
A MAD!

YEP! JUST
LIKE THE
HOUND
YOU ARE!



DICK DUCKS A HAY-MAKER,
CIRCLES-AND



THE CROWD ROARS AS —



DICK KICKS EASILY--
JUST A "GESTURE"
TO MAKE A MONKEY
OUT OF JOHN.

LON DECIDES WILD JOHN NEEDS HELP.

CAIN'T NO ONE SAY
WHO DONE HIT IN
THIS CROWD. NOW
FER A GOOD BEAD!



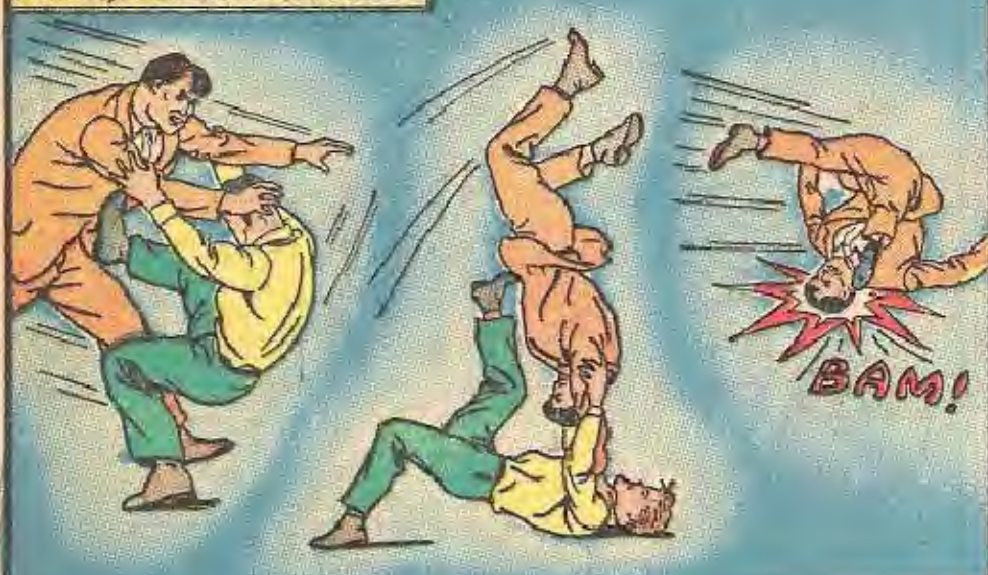
DROP THAT OR I'LL
BLOW YOU TO BLAZES!



NOW, GET GOIN' AND -
KEEP ON GOIN'!



AGAIN, WILD JOHN CHARGES.



FOAMING WITH RAGE, WILD JOHN WHIPS OUT A KNIFE

I'M CARVIN' ME SOME HAWG MEAT!



DICK DODGES A THRUST, THEN-



SOC!



HE'S THROUGH, THE BIG CREAM PUFF! TOUGH GUY! HA! THAT'S A LAUGH! C'MON PETE, LET'S GO.

OH, BOY! WHAT A FIGHT! WILD JOHN SURE GOT TAMED!



AT THE HOTEL DICK LEARNS THE "MAJOR" WANTS TO SEE HIM.

AH! COME IN AND SET, COLE. I WANT TER THANK YE FER TOTIN' ME IN -AN' WARN YOU. WATCH OUT FER WILD JOHN FROM HERE ON!



THANK YOU, SIR, BUT I BELIEVE HE'S THROUGH. YOU SEE, WE HAD AN-ER ARGUMENT. HE-WELL HIS SHOULDER IS DIS-LOCATED.



WH-A-AT! YOU? WILD JOHN? P'INT BLANK! THAT BEATS ALL!!

2 WEEKS PASS. WILD JOHN AND HIS PALS HAVE VANISHED. PRODUCTION IS UP AND THE "MAJOR" IS WELL.

DICK GOES FOR A STROLL BACK OF TOWN ONE MOON-LIT NIGHT. SUDDENLY-

BANG! BANG!



WHEW! RIGHT THROUGH MY HAIR! WHERE IS HE?



HIC! YES KONK! YER CAIN'T... DISCONFIT - HIC! WILD JOHN AND LIVE TER BRAG... HIC! ON HIT! MISHED YER... WASH OUT, HIC! NEXSHT TIME! WHOO-PEE!



BACK AT THE HOTEL

HOWDY, COLE. I COME
TER TELL YE WILD
JOHN HAIN'T LEFT.
HE'S GUNNIN' FER
YE. HIT'D BE
SMART IFEN
YED GIT
SCARSE
FER A
SPELL.

THANKS, YOUNT.
HE SHOT AT ME
TO-NIGHT. HE
WAS DRUNK AS
A HOOT OWL.



THAT'S WHY YER
STILL ALIVIN. YE
WONT SCARSE
YERSELF THEN?

I WAS AFERED
O' THAT. WAL,
I'LL BE GETTIN'
ON.

ON THE CONTRARY.
TOMORROW AFTER
WORK, I'M GOING
TO HIS CABIN
AND SETTLE THIS.



DICK DOES NOT TELL
PETE HIS PLAN.
WORK OVER, NEXT
DAY HE MAKES
HIS WAY TO WILD
JOHN'S CABIN.
HE SPIES OUT THE
PLACE FOR SOME
TIME AND, SEEING
NO ACTIVITY, DE-
CIDES TO ACT.
CAUTIOUSLY HE
OPENS THE DOOR.

HOLY
CATASTROPHE.



GINGERLY HE ENTERS
THE CABIN.

YES.... YOU ARE... THROUGH,
WILD JOHN. I WON-
DER ~~~~



H'IST YORE HANDS!
COME OUT-EASY
LIKE. I RECKON
YORE THROUGH
TOO!



WHO (GULP) WHO
ARE YOU?

THE LAW! I DONE
COTCHED YE RED-
HANDED! MURDER!
GIT A-GOIN'—



HOLD UP, SHERIFF! DRAP THAT
RIFLE-GUN! KICK IT OVER THIS-
AWAY-QUICK!



SHERIFF, YOU'VE TREED THE
WRONG BAR. DICK, FOTCH
THE KNIFE! HIT'S MINE.
I DONE HIT!



DICK GETS THE KNIFE.

YEP! HIT'S
YER KNIFE,
YOUNT...
BUT, WHY-?



DICK SIDED FER ME, I
DONE SIDED FER HIM.
NOW, I HAFTER GIT ON. STAY
HITCHED FER A SPELL, SHER'F.
FARWELL, DICK!

THE BUSHES RUSTLE-
SKIN YOUNT IS GONE.

I RECKON
YORE CLEAR.
COLE. HIT'S
Q'AR I HAPPEN-
ED HYAR, HAIN'T
HIT? WAL, LET'S
BE AMBLIN' ON.



THAT NIGHT

BUT PETE, I DONT
GET IT! WHY DID
SKIN YOUNT DO
-THAT- FOR ME?

YOUNT FELT YOU WERE HIS
FRIEND, DICK. MOUNTAIN
FRIENDSHIP IS REAL. IT
GOES ALL OUT. THAT'S
WHY... UH, HERE'S A...
LETTER FOR YOU.



NEXT MORNING

SOME OF THE BOYS WANT
TER SEE YE, COLE. HYAR
THEY COME NOW

ME, SIR?
I-UH-
WHAT-?



DICK COLE,
THAT'S THE
HIGHEST HONOR
YE'LL EVER GIT! YOU,
A FURRINER! MOUNTAIN
MEN WISHIN' TER WORK FER
YE!.. WELL, SORRY YER LEAVIN'.
DONT FERGET, THAR'S A JOB FER
YE HERE
ANY TIME!

ER- WILD JOHN WUZ OUR BOSS-
GREEN LUMBER- N HE'S DAID.
WE-UNS TALKED. HIT OVER-
WE-UNS WISHT YE'D GIT THE
JOB, DICK.

WHY-GOSH! THANKS-
BUT I CAN'T. I GOT WORD
LAST NIGHT TO RETURN
TO FARR. I'M QUITTING
SATURDAY.



THANK YOU, SIR.
I'LL BE BACK
AGAIN SOME DAY.



EDISON

BELL

GOSH... OUR
KAYAKS LOOK
GREAT, ED!
WHERE'LL WE
GO FIRST?



SUMMER BREEZES AND THE SALTY SMELL
OF SEA SPRAY BRING THE WANDERLUST TO
EDDIE AND JERRY! THEIR HEARTS CRY OUT
FOR ADVENTURE - AND THEY GET IT - WHEN
THEY SET SAIL FOR **CLIFF CREEK!**

CLIFF CREEK,
JERRY! LOOK--
HERE IT IS ON
THE MAP - IT
LOOKS
ADVENTUROUS
AS ALL
GET-OUT!

REMEMBER WHEN WE
ALMOST GOT THERE TWO
YEARS AGO, IN THE
CONVERTED
ROW BOAT? THIS
TIME WE'LL
GET THERE
AND SEE IF THOSE
STORIES ABOUT PIRATES
LIVING THERE ONCE
ARE TRUE!



LATER--

NICE
BREEZE,
EDDIE!

YOU BET! WATCH
OUT THAT OUR
SCALING ROPE
DOESN'T GO
OVERBOARD,
JERRY!

DADDY,
MAKE ME
ONE OF
THOSE!



THERE'S CLIFF CREEK,
JERRY-- RIGHT ACROSS
THE BAY! PULL YOUR
SAIL IN!

GOSH-- IT
DOES LOOK
MYSTERIOUS!



IT LOOKS PRETTY SHALLOW, JERRY-- BETTER LOWER SAIL AND LIFT THE LEEBOARDS!



BETTER GO IN SINGLE FILE-- NO SENSE IN BOTH OF US GETTING STUCK!



WAIT A MINUTE-- THE DARNED PULLEY'S STUCK!



I'LL GET THIS THING UNHOOKED IF-- OOPS!

LOOK OUT!



WHAT A SAILOR!

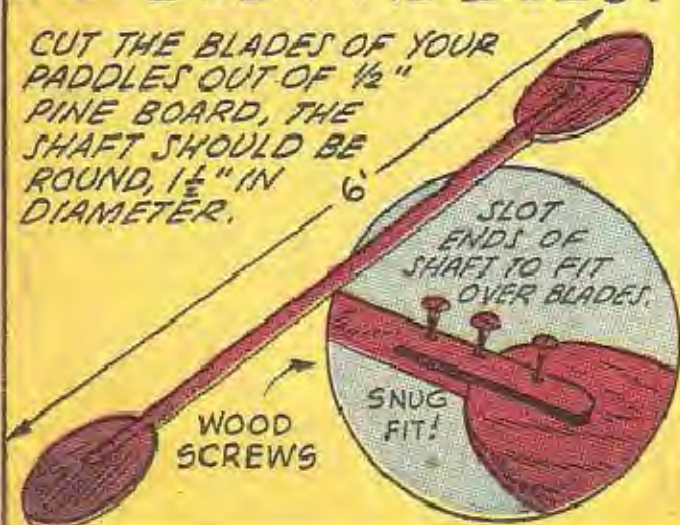


HOLD ON JERRY!

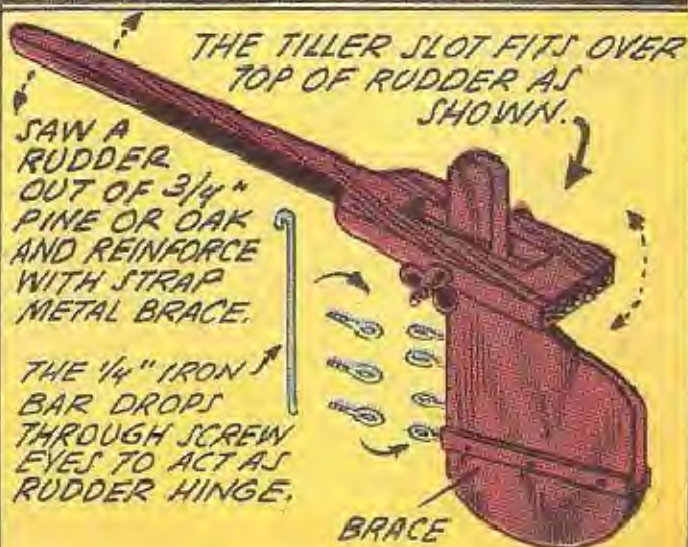
HELP-- ED! THE ROPE'S TWISTED IN MY FEET!

HOW TO MAKE ... DOUBLE PADDLES!

CUT THE BLADES OF YOUR PADDLES OUT OF $\frac{1}{2}$ " PINE BOARD, THE SHAFT SHOULD BE ROUND, $1\frac{1}{4}$ " IN DIAMETER.



RUDDER DETAILS





WHAT A GUY -- WELL, YOU COULDN'T DROWN IN THIS PUDDLE...

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



THAT WATER IS WAY OVER MY HEAD -- HONEST!

YOU MUST BE SHRINKING, JERRY -- LOOK, I'LL PROVE IT!



EDDIE SOUNDS BOTTOM...

THAT'S FUNNY -- IT MUST BE ABOUT 18 OR 20 FEET! BUT, HOW CAN IT BE UNLESS...



YOU MEAN, SOMEONE DREDGED IT OUT? BUT THE COAST GUARD FELLOW TOLD US IT WAS SHALLOW!

I KNOW -- MAYBE WE OUGHT TO LOOK AROUND!



THE BOYS CONTINUE UP THE CREEK UNTIL --

DUCK, JERRY!

HUH?



SEE -- ARMED MEN UP AHEAD!

GOSH -- WHAT DO YOU THINK IS UP?



GOSH -- MAYBE IT'S A SECRET COAST GUARD BASE, EDDIE -- WE'D BETTER BEAT IT!

HUH? COAST GUARD? I DON'T THINK SO!

THE COAST GUARD WOULD BE WEARING UNIFORMS! WE'D BETTER HAVE A BETTER LOOK!

WELL, OKAY!



LOOK AT THOSE CAT TAILS--THEY SEEM TO BE MARKING OUT A CHANNEL... IT LOOKS PHONY TO ME!

BUT THEY COULD HAVE GROWN THAT WAY, EDDIE!



THE BOYS CONTINUE TO INVESTIGATE...

SSH...I'D LIKE TO GET A LOOK INTO THOSE CAVES!

CAREFUL!



IF I JUST GET UP A LITTLE, I CAN... HOLY SMOKES!

WHAT IS IT, EDDIE?



OIL!! THEY MUST HAVE TAPPED THE COASTAL OIL LINE AND I'LL BET THEY'RE FEEDING IT TO SHIPS AT NIGHT!

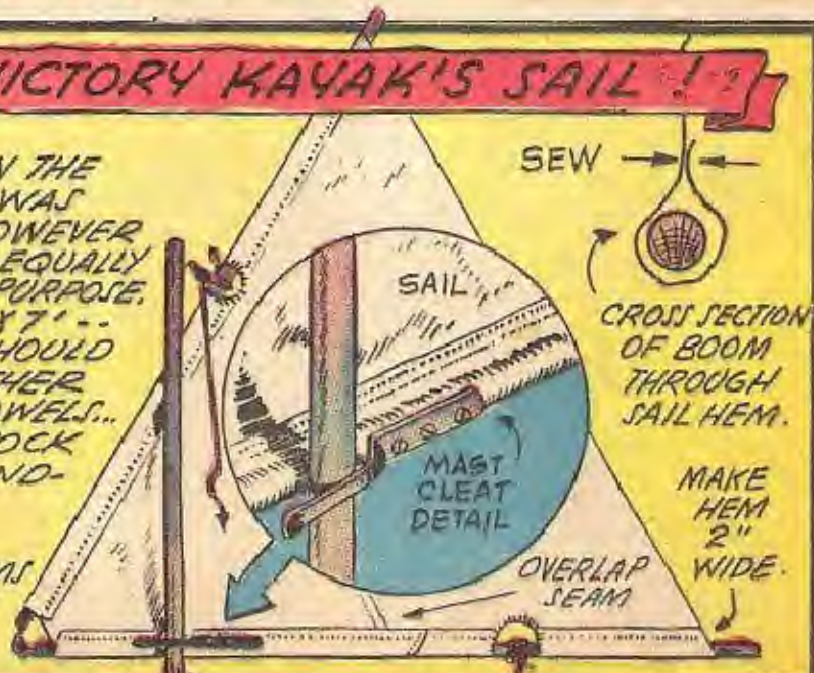
WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE FAST!



HOW TO MAKE THE VICTORY KAYAK'S SAIL!

THE SAIL MATERIAL USED ON THE ORIGINAL VICTORY KAYAK WAS A BRIGHT RED MUSLIN...HOWEVER UNBLEACHED MUSLIN IS AN EQUALLY GOOD MATERIAL FOR OUR PURPOSE. THE SAIL MEASURES 7'X7'X7'--THE MAST AND BOOMS SHOULD BE ABOUT 1 1/2" THICK. EITHER BUY THEM THIS SIZE AS DOWELS.. OR ROUND OFF SQUARE STOCK WITH YOUR PLANE AND SAND-PAPER.

ASK MOM TO SEW YOUR SEAMS AND HEMS ON HER SEWING MACHINE!





YOU'RE RIGHT!
WE'LL GO
RIGHT TO
THE COAST
GUARD
AND...

EDDIE--
LOOK!!



CHECK
THE
CHANNEL
MARKERS!

LUCKY THING WE
REMEMBERED
TO HIDE OUR
KAYAKS!

YEAH--BUT IF
THEY GO OUT IN
THE CHANNEL,
WE'RE CUT
OFF!



EDDIE FINDS A
WAY OUT...

NO REASON WHY
WE CAN'T CLIMB
THIS CLIFF, JERRY!

IT LOOKS PRETTY
STEEP TO ME!
BE CAREFUL,
EDDIE!



HALF-WAY UP--

KEEP BEHIND THIS LEDGE,
JERRY, AS MUCH AS YOU
CAN SO THEY DON'T
SEE US!

EDDIE--
I JUST KICKED
SOME ROCKS
LOOSE! THEY'LL
KNOW WE'RE
HERE!



LOOK--SNOOPERS!
GET THEM!!

I'LL PICK
'EM OFF
EASY--CAN'T
TAKE ANY
CHANCES!



C'MON, JERRY, WE'LL
HAVE TO...
OHHH!

EDDIE--
I'VE
BEEN
HIT--
HELP!!



JERRY--JERRY!
OH, GOSH!!



I GOT
ONE OF
'EM!

GOT TO GET
THAT OTHER
KID, TOO--
WE'RE IN THIS
TOO FAR TO
TO GET
CAUGHT
NOW!

JERRY HAS LANDED ON A LEDGE ABOVE THE MEN...

JERRY--I'LL GET YOU UP!

NO--GO GET HELP! MY SHOULDER'S BROKEN! GO ON!



I COULDN'T LEAVE HIM--NO MATTER WHAT! THIS HAS GOT TO WORK!



HERE--SLIP THIS UNDER YOUR ARMS! GOSH, EDDIE, DON'T WASTE TIME ON ME--THEY'LL BE HERE SOON!



BUT EDDIE PERSISTS AND MINUTES LATER, JERRY IS DRAGGED SAFELY OVER THE LEDGE--

GOOD BOY--

THOSE BULLETS ARE GETTING CLOSER, EDDIE, HURRY!

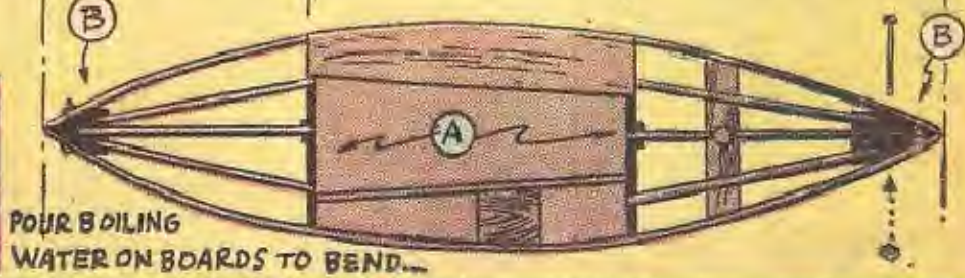
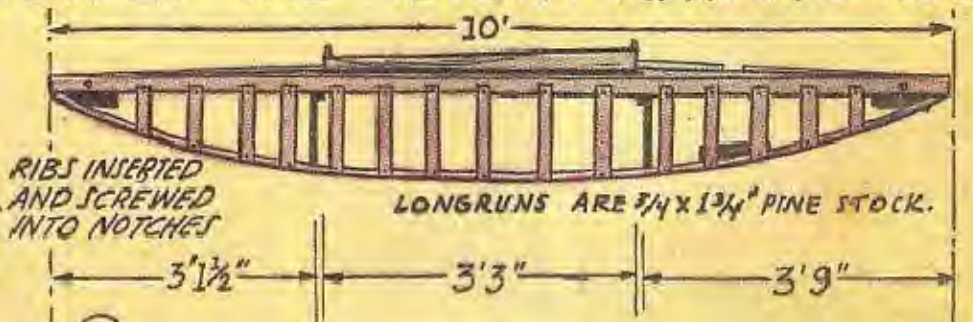


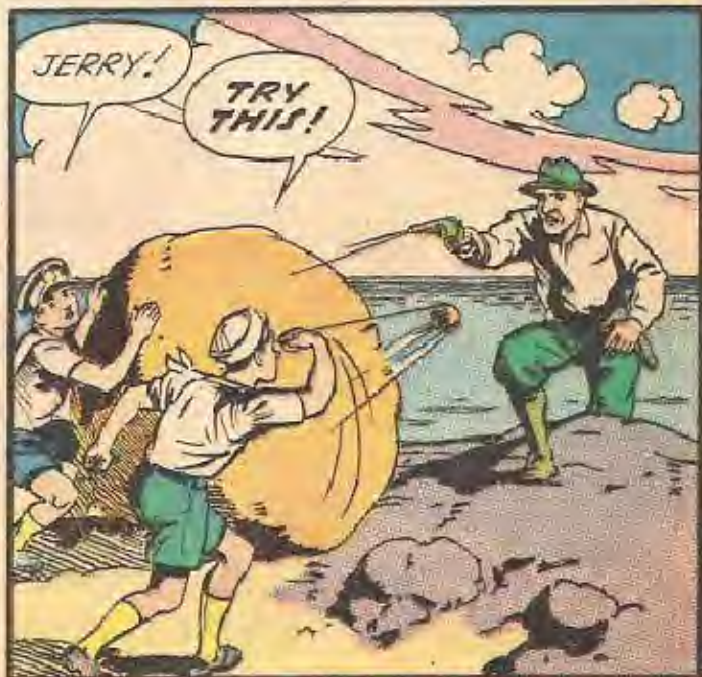
GOSH, EDDIE--I CAN'T GET AWAY! I FEEL SICK AND DIZZY!

OKAY--I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO STOP THEM!



SIMPLE SKELETON OF THE VICTORY KAYAK'S HULL





JERRY'S FAST PITCH CATCHES THE MAN
OFF BALANCE AND --



GO-GOSH! I-I
KNOCKED HIM
OFF THE
CLIFF!

WAIT -- WHAT'S
THAT NOISE?



LOOK -- WE'VE STARTED
A LANDSLIDE!



THOSE OTHER MEN WILL BE
TRAPPED IN THE CAVES --
WE'VE GOT TO GET
HELP!

FIRST WE
KILL 'EM --
THEN WE SAVE
'EM! THAT'S
AMERICA
FOR YOU!



HOW TO MAKE LEE-BOARDS



CUT
BOARDS
OUT OF
3/4" PINE
STOCK



4" SIDE HOLES FOR
SCREWS
6" 1/4" HOLE FRONT
CUT-AWAY VIEW BELOW SHOWS
HOW CLEAT ABOVE, IS SECURELY
FASTENED TO THE SIDE "DECKS"
WITH SCREWS.

HAVE AN
IRON WORKER
MAKE TWO
CLEATS,
STRONG
STOCK.



HALF AN HOUR LATER--

I HOPE
THEY'RE
STILL
ALIVE,
SIR!
COAST
GUARD
STATION

SO DO I -- IF
ONLY TO ANSWER
SOME QUESTIONS--
OLSEN, SOUND
GENERAL ALARM!

YES, SIR!

THE COAST GUARD
RUSHES TO THE
SCENE!

AND THE TRAPPED MEN ARE CONTACTED
IN SHORT ORDER--

THEY'RE STILL
ALIVE, SIR -- WE'LL
HAVE THEM OUT
IN A FEW
MINUTES!

GOOD!

OKAY--KEEP MOVING
AND DON'T TRY
ANYTHING FUNNY!

LET'S TAKE
A LOOK
INSIDE,
BOYS!

YOU WERE RIGHT, BOYS--THEY TAPPED THE
COASTAL OIL LINE ALL RIGHT! HERE ARE
ORDERS FROM BOOTLEG OIL SHIPS!

YOU KIDS HAVE DONE A GREAT
JOB -- INCIDENTALLY, I'LL SEE
THAT YOUR BOATS ARE
REPLACED!

THANKS, SIR--
BUT WE'D
JUST AS SOON
MAKE NEW
ONES--
WOULDN'T
WE, JERRY?

HUH--
WE
WOULD?

OH, SURE -- WE'RE
JUST CRAZY --
ABOUT MAKING
THINGS!

KEEP UP THE GOOD
WORK, BOYS -- AND
KEEP 'EM
SAILING!

YES, SIR!

RIGHT -- KEEP 'EM SAILING -- AND
FLYING -- AND FIGHTING BY
BUYING THOSE WAR BONDS AND
STAMPS EVERY TIME YOU GET
A CHANCE!

HERE THEY ARE! ... THE SIMPLIFIED, EASY TO FOLLOW PLANS FOR EDDIE BELL'S ...

SAILING! SAILING!
OVER THE BOUNCING BLUE!



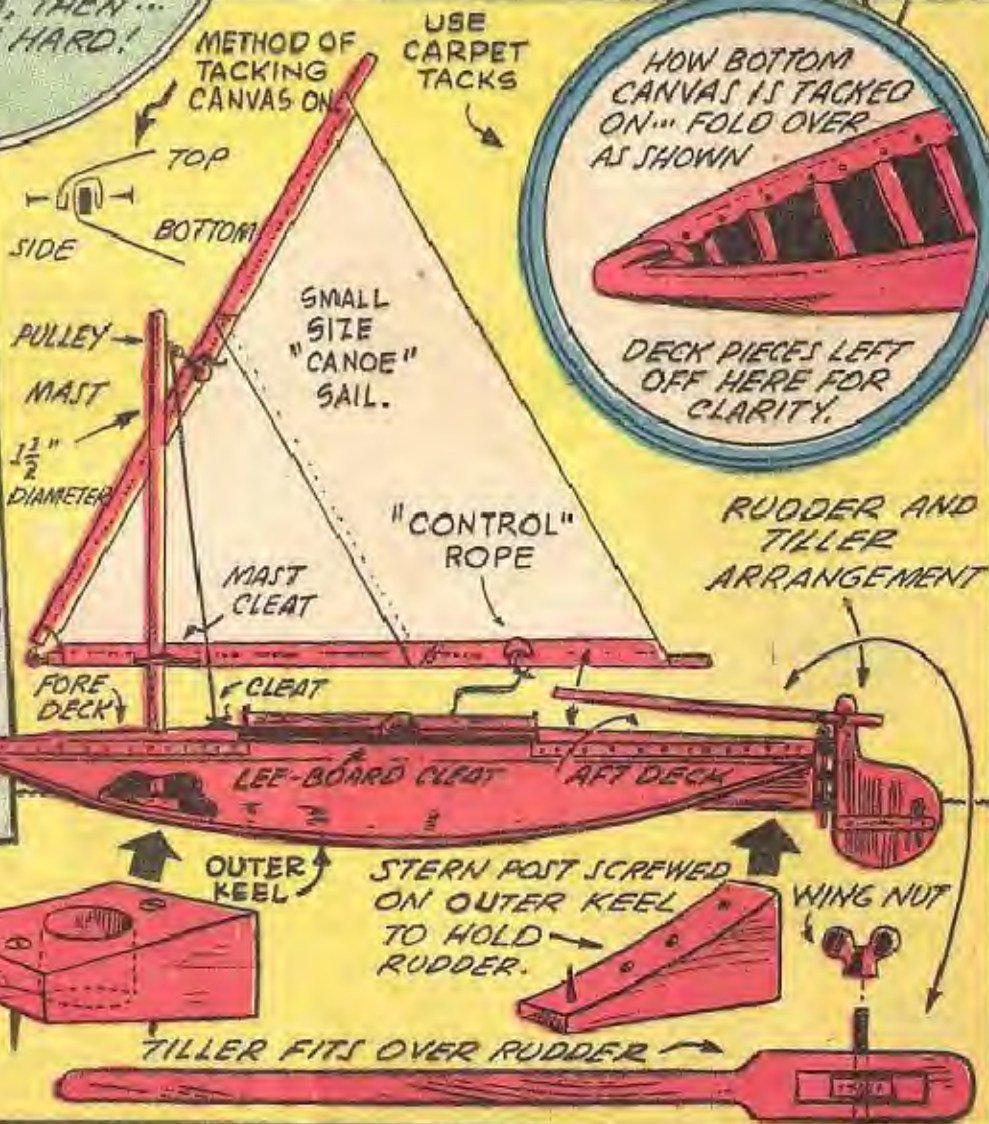
LIKE TO TAKE ED'S PLACE IN THE PICTURE ABOVE?
"OKAY, THEN... LISTEN HARD!"

VICTORY KAYAK!

FOR FURTHER DETAILS SEE BOTTOM PANELS IN THE STORY PRECEDING THIS PAGE

By *Eddie Bell*

USE DUCK CANVAS #8 TO COVER HULL AND DECK OF THE KAYAK. A PIECE 10 1/2' X 3' WILL COVER BOTTOM "A". POUR HOT WATER ON CANVAS ALONG KEEL AND STRETCH HARD TO ELIMINATE WRINKLES ON SIDES. ENOUGH CANVAS "B" WILL BE LEFT OVER SO THAT WHEN PIECES ARE SEWN TOGETHER, YOU CAN COVER DECKS.



THE MAST STEP IS SECURED ON INNER KEEL BOARD WITH LONG SCREWS.

STERN POST SCREWED ON OUTER KEEL TO HOLD RUDDER.

TILLER FITS OVER RUDDER

HOW BOTTOM CANVAS IS TACKED ON... FOLD OVER AS SHOWN

DECK PIECES LEFT OFF HERE FOR CLARITY.

RUDDER AND TILLER ARRANGEMENT

The SEVENTEENTH LETTER

PROFESSOR ERICH SCHNEIDER did not object to being searched by the Peoria police. So Chief of Police Barton and FBI man Paul Gregory went over him with a fine-tooth comb. They found in his various pockets a ring of keys, a wallet containing forty or fifty dollars in bills and various cards, some odd silver, and a memorandum book full of random notations and figures.

Barton apologized, "Professor, I am sorry that we submitted you to this search. There seems to be no evidence to support the claim that you are a Nazi sympathizer or saboteur; nothing to indicate that you are anything except what you claim to be: a professor of languages in our schools. The mere fact that you talk with a German accent is no reason to accuse you of treason against the United States."

The FBI man had his say: "Professor, our complainant, whom we must keep anonymous, says that you have had odd visitors at odd hours; that they all seem to be men or women of German extraction, and that they all talk as you do, with a strong German accent. Some of these visitors have been seen entering your house at two and three o'clock in the morning. What explanation do you have for that?"

"Yah. Most off my friends are Germans. Some of them vere German teachers just like me. The war hass made it difficult to continue. They haff become waiters and musicians. After their work iss ofer iss the only time they can visit mitt me, an old friend."

Gregory was thumbing through the scribbled memorandum book. "Our informant tells us that you are very absent-minded, Professor, and that you have to write down all important things so you will not forget them. What is this odd notation here? QUI 208."

The German blinked his eyes and scratched his head. "I do not remember." He paused. "Yah, I remember. It iss a telephone number off a friend in Quincy."

"Do you go to Quincy often, Professor?"

"Nein. In the fall I attend a teacher's institute there. I meet a teacher und he gives me his number und tells me to dial him before I

return here und ve will haff a visit to talk over teaching."

"What is this teacher's name, Professor?"

Schneider seemed embarrassed. His eyes blinked. "I do not remember. My memory, it iss not—what you say—so hot?"

Gregory handed the memorandum book back to the Professor. "You are free to go, Professor. I am sorry that you were submitted to this search. Put it down to the overzealousness of an American who was eager to serve his country."

Professor Schneider bowed his way out of the office of the Chief of Police, his face all smiles.

Chief Barton walked to the door of a little room and brought out a young, eager-eyed boy of about twelve. The Chief frowned at young Jimmie Woods. "You heard every word that the Professor said. How'd you ever get the idea he was a Nazi saboteur in the first place? Let us worry about things like that. That's our business. Now get out of here."

"But —"

Jimmie Woods nearly ran out of the office. He could see that the Chief was plenty mad at him. But the FBI man, Paul Gregory, followed Jimmy out into the hall. "Don't take it so hard, kid. You were trying to help, and we appreciate it. But next time make sure you've got some real evidence before you tell us about it."

"But I do have some real evidence, Mr. Gregory, if you'll only listen. Professor Schneider did not tell you the truth. He lied to you." His brown eyes grew somberly serious as he stood on tiptoe and whispered into Gregory's ear.

Paul Gregory whistled softly. "By Jove, Jimmie!"

Jimmie grinned, "Didn't I tell you he was a saboteur?"

Gregory nodded. Patted Jimmie on the shoulder. "You run along home, Jimmie, and let us take care of this in our own way."

Gregory walked back into Chief Barton's office. "I've changed my mind, Chief. I'm not so sure but that our young friend is right. Professor Schneider might be an entirely different sort of fish than he appears to be. I think I'll put

an FBI shadow on him, at least for a few days."

At his home Professor Schneider telephoned to call long distance to Quincy to report to his superior. "It iss all right now. The foolish Americans do not suspect us. Ve vill go ahead mitt our plans as ve intended. I vill see you in a couple off days."

* * * * *

THE Federal Court was in session and Professor Schneider and his superior, one Hans Robert, were on trial for their lives. The charge was treason and attempted sabotage. The Attorney General of the United States was in charge of the prosecution and FBI man Paul Gregory was the star witness for the United States.

The Attorney General took his place and said, "Mr. Gregory, you will take the stand and relate in your own words how you managed to capture these men. Relate anything that you think will have a bearing on the decision of the Court in this case. Omit no details."

Paul Gregory got up before the Court and told his story in plain, simple language. "There is not much to my story; it involved little work on the part of myself or the FBI. The initial tip on the activities of these Nazi saboteurs came from a young boy by the name of Jimmie Woods, who is present today in this courtroom where Hans Robert and Professor Schneider are being tried for their lives. The FBI's job in this case was to shadow these saboteurs until they led us to the scene of their attempted crime and practically convicted themselves of the charges they face."

"Continue in detail, Mr. Gregory."

"Professor Schneider knew me because of our interview at police headquarters, so I detailed another operative to shadow him at all times. I went immediately to Quincy, where the Quincy Ordnance Plant is located. Here I ascertained, from the company files, the name and address of a certain employee who we suspected might be involved with Professor Schneider in a plot to blow up the plant."

"What happened? Tell it in your own words, Mr. Gregory."

"Hans Robert is the employee that I shadowed. He worked the day shift at the ordnance plant; his home was an old, dilapidated shack just beyond the south end of town, a few rods away from the electrically-charged fence that guarded the ordnance plant. On the night of January 12, this man met Professor on the corner of Twelfth and Broadway, in Quincy. Professor Schneider had driven over in his car

and had been followed every foot of the way by our operative.

"We followed them after their meeting until they reached the dilapidated shack in which Hans Robert had been living. While they entered the shack the other operative and I searched the car driven by Professor Schneider. In the trunk we found an electric battery box such as is used for firing charges of high explosives by remote control. I then knew that their plan was to blow up the Quincy Ordnance Plant.

"When they returned to the car to carry the blasting box into the shack we arrested them both. Later investigation revealed that Hans Robert had used the shack for living quarters only as a blind. At nights he had burrowed a tunnel under the electric fence and contrived an ingenious trap-door on the other side. He could come and go as he pleased, with quantities of high explosives, which he had already put under mixing house number four in the ordnance plant. The electric fuse had been installed. All that remained was to connect the blasting box and push a lever to blow the Quincy Ordnance plant into kingdom come."

The Attorney General said, "I would like to have one more thing cleared up. What was the tip given you by young Jimmie Woods that enabled you to capture these enemies of the United States?"

Gregory grinned at the question. "It was very simple but neither I nor Chief Barton noticed it. Jimmie Woods caught this Nazi saboteur, Professor Schneider, in a lie about a certain notation in his notebook. The Professor said that the notation "QUI 208" was a telephone number in Quincy. Jimmie Woods, who had visited in Quincy several times, guessed that it was a reminder to the Professor of Hans Robert's badge number at the Quincy Ordnance Plant. QUI 208."

"Then the boy's tip was just a juvenile guess that luckily resulted in the capture of these Nazi saboteurs?"

"No. Far from it. The Professor said that the telephone number had been given him by a teacher who had invited him to dial it next time he came to town for a visit, and they would get together and talk over the teaching profession. Jimmie Woods informed me that Quincy does not have dial telephones—and even if they did have, Professor Schneider nor no one else could have dialed that number."

"Why?"

"Because the letter Q does not appear on any dial phone."

THE END

CANDID

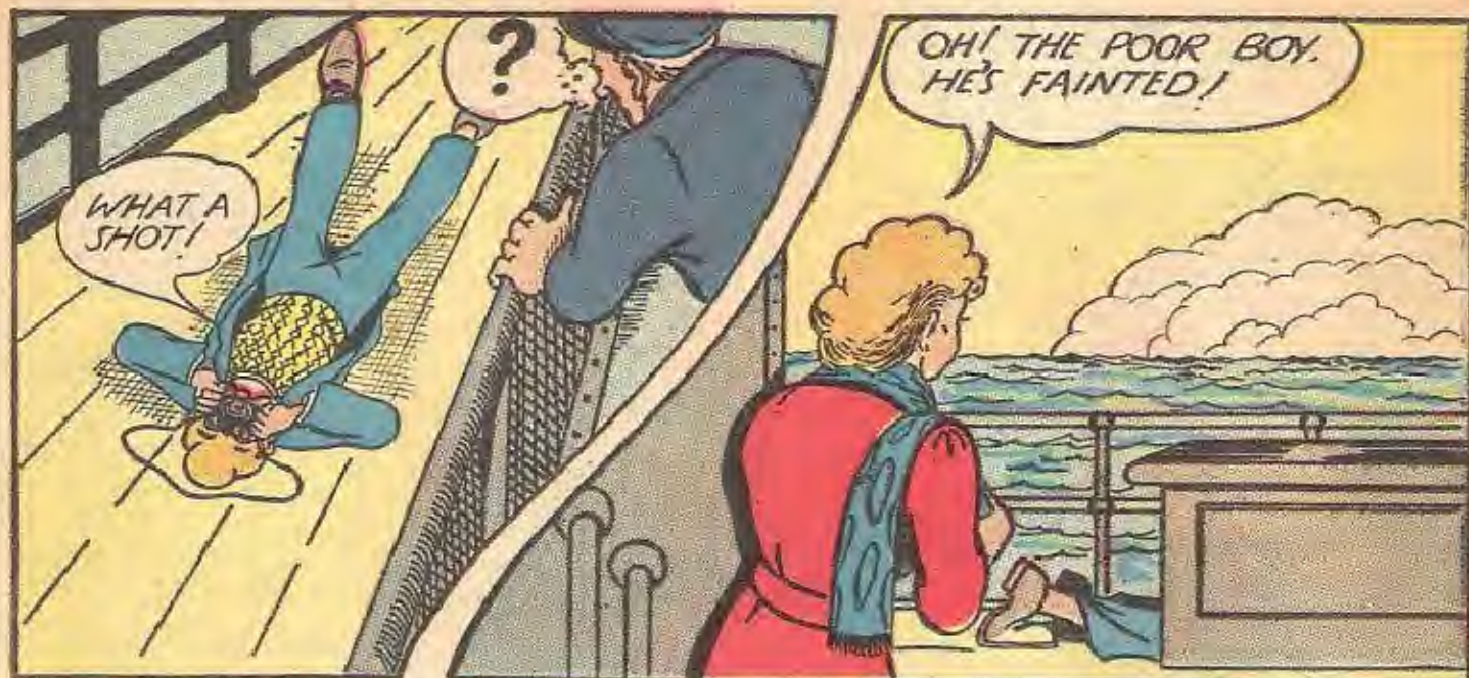
CHARLIE

By
B. Gordon Guth

CHARLIE
CAPTURES A NAZI
SUB SINGLE HANDED
WITH HIS CAMERA.
SOUNDS RIDICULOUS
DOESN'T IT? WELL--
START TURNING
PAGES.

DON'T THAT GUY
EVER GET TIRED
TAKING PICTURES?

NOT HIM!
THAT'S CANDID
CHARLIE! HE'S A
CAMERA BUG. IT'S
LIKE A DISEASE, ONLY
WORSE. HE LIKES
IT!



YOU'VE GOT THE CAMERA UPSIDE DOWN!

OH! HOW SILLY OF ME.

WOMEN, BAH!

I'D LOVE TO SEE THE PICTURES.

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL WE LAND.



I THOUGHT I SAW A SIGN NEAR THE PURSER'S OFFICE WHICH SAYS, "PHOTO SERVICE."

IT'S AN IDEA! I'LL TAKE A LOOK.



YES, WE DID HAVE A DEVELOPING SERVICE, BUT IT'S DISCONTINUED.

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO USE IT. THAT IS, IF THE MATERIAL IS STILL THERE.



CHARLIE IS ALLOWED TO USE THE DARKROOM, AND AS HE FINISHES...

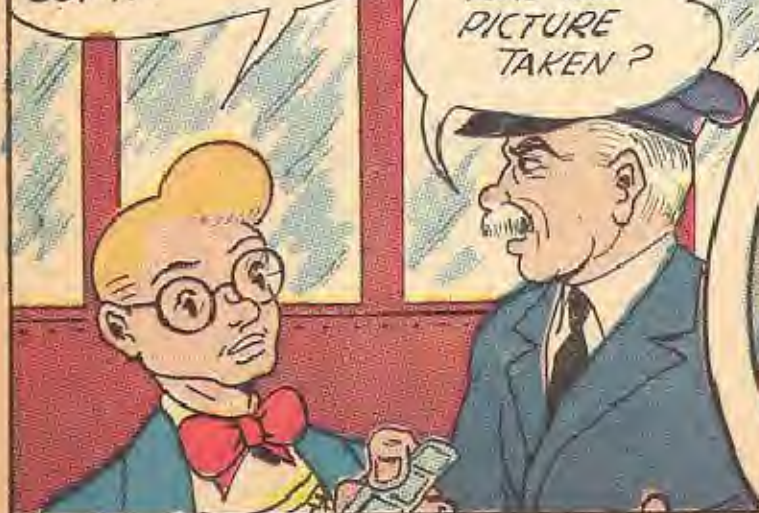
WOW! A SUB!



HE RUSHES TO THE CAPTAIN

AND THE GIRL MUST HAVE SNAPPED IT WHILE THE CAMERA WAS UPSIDE DOWN. SHE COULDN'T SEE IT, BUT THE TELESCOPIC LENS GOT IT.

THIS IS SERIOUS! WHAT TIME WAS THE PICTURE TAKEN?



THIS IS ABOUT WHERE THE SUB WAS SIGHTED. I CAN'T RADIO SHORE. IT WOULD GIVE OUR POSITION AWAY!



GOSH!

AT THAT MOMENT.



CAPTAIN! - WE'VE BEEN HIT BY A TORPEDO!

WHAT WAS THAT EXPLOSION?



AND THE FIRST THING CHARLIE THINKS OF.----

HEY! THIS IS THE WAY TO THE LIFE BOATS!!

GOSH! MY CAMERA!



IN THE DARKROOM.

MIGHT AS WELL TAKE SOME CHEMICALS ALONG TOO! WON'T BE ANY GOOD HERE.



WAIT FOR ME!



WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG? DID YOU LEAVE SOMETHING VALUABLE?

YOU BET! MY CAMERA!



LOOK AT THAT GUY!
HE TAKES PICTURES,
AND WE'RE LOST
AT SEA!

HEY! WHAT
GOOD ARE THOSE
PICTURES? YA
CAN'T EAT 'EM!
IF SOMETHING
DOESN'T HAPPEN
SOON, WE'LL ALL
STARVE!

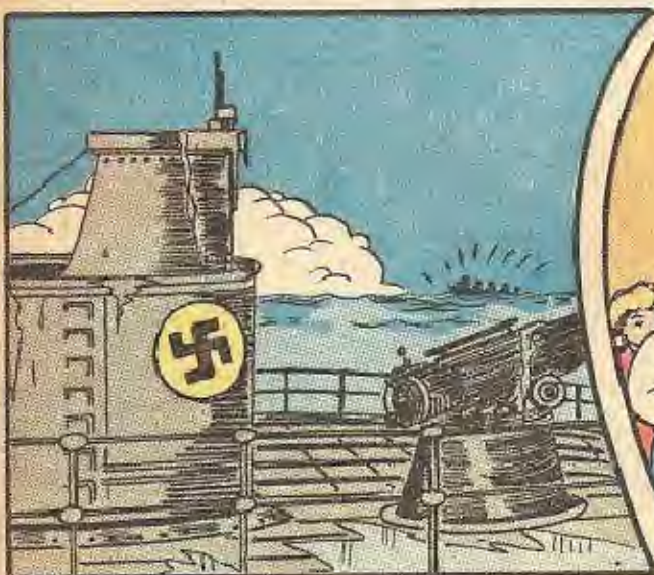


GOSH! WHO SAID
STARVE?

HEY!-
LOOK-A
SUB!



YOU WILL COME
ABOARD - QUICKLY!



INZIDE-
EXEPT YOU!



THE KAPITAN,
HE WOULD LIKE
TO SEE YOU.

GEE!
WHAT NOW-?



IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.

YOU ARE MAYBE
CARRYING IMPORTANT
DOCUMENTS IN
DOT BAG? YAH!

WHO ME...?
YOU'RE
CRAZY!

SHVINE!

BAH! A CAMERA.

I AM ZO ZORRY!
COME, YOU VILL
TAKE MINE PICTURE.
VE VILL BE
FRIENDS!

O.K. BUT IF
IT DOESN'T COME
OUT GOOD, DON'T
SOCK ME AGAIN!

GOT IT!

UND NOW VE
VILL SEE IT!
YAH...?

WELL,
WE
COULD IF
I HAD A
DARKROOM
TO DEVELOP
THE FILM.

DOT'S A JOKE. THE WHOLE
SHIP IS A-- VOT YOU SAY?
DARKROOM! YOU GO IN
NEXT COMPARTMENT UND
TURN OUT DER
LIGHT.

I GOTTA HAVE
SOME WATER TO
MIX WITH THIS
STUFF - THIS
MUST BE IT!



SNIFF - SNIFF
VOT IS DOT
SHMELL--
ACID?



IT'S COMING FROM
THE BATTERY ROOM.
IF IT'S A LEAK, UND
VATER REACHES THE
BATTERIES, VE IS
DOOMED!



GOSH! WHAT
A SMELL! I'M
ALWAYS DOING
THE WRONG
THING!

COUGH - COUGH
IT'S GETTING
VORSE!

SURFACE!
UND BE
QUICK!



GIFF ORDERS TO
ABANDON
SUB. VUNCE THE
BATTERIES GO, IT
IS FINISH!



CHARLIE HAS TIED A HANDKER-
CHIEF AROUND HIS FACE
AND IS TRYING TO GET
RID OF THE SMOKE.

VOT ABOUT
THE AMERICANS
UND DOT VUN
MIT DA CAMERA?
DAY VILL ALL
DIE!

ZO VOT!
I DON'T
TAKE A
GOOT PICTURE
ANYWAY!



CHARLIE FINALLY GETS RID
OF THE FUMES AND ----

YOUR PICTURE IS
FINISHED.

HEY! WHERE'S
EVERYONE?

GOSH! THEY
DISAPPEARED!!
S'FUNNY-- I
WONDER WHY?

STILL A BIT BEWILDERED,
CHARLIE RELEASES HIS
FRIENDS.

COME ON OUT,
FOLKS! THE SUB'S
OURS ---- I HOPE!

I HEARD
THAT NOISE!

WHAT DIFFERENCE!
DIDN'T HE CAPTURE
THE SUB!!

HOW DID
YOU DO IT-
MAGIC..?

AND WHAT
WAS THAT
SMELL?

MY HERO!

BUT!

FULLY CONVINCED THAT
CHARLIE GOT RID OF
THE NAZIS, THE FOLKS
MAKE CHARLIE CAPTAIN.

WE GOTTA RUN THIS
THING SOMEHOW,
MAYBE THIS LEVER
WILL DO SOMETHING?

CHARLIE PULLS THE
LEVER AND THE
SUB STARTS TO
DESCEND BUT ----

HE FORGOT TO CLOSE
THE HATCH.

PHEW! LUCKY
I PULLED IT BACK
WE COULDN'T
BEEN DROWNED!

CHARLIE, WE GOTTA GET
THIS THING MOVING!
IT WON'T DO US ANY
GOOD STANDING STILL.

WELL, I'M NOT
RUNNING IT!
I JUST TRIED
AND ALMOST
DROWNED, BUT
I'VE GOT AN
IDEA!!

HEY!
SPLASH

ONLY CHARLIE COULD THINK OF THIS -

A FEW MILES AWAY ON BOARD A U.S. DESTROYER.

I BET IT'S THE FIRST TIME ANYBODY EVER SAW A SAILBOAT SUBMARINE!

ENEMY SUB! SIR,

PREPARE TO FIRE!

HOLD IT! THEY'RE PUTTING UP A WHITE FLAG!

FULL SPEED AHEAD!

LOOK! AN AMERICAN DESTROYER!

LUCKY YOU PUT UP THAT WHITE FLAG, WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO FIRE!

THAT'S NO FLAG! IT'S A SAIL! WE'RE TRYING TO GET THIS THING MOVING!

WELL IT'S LIKE THIS I ER... CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! CHARLIE'S THE HERO! HE CAPTURED THIS SUB SINGLE HANDED! HE KICKED THE CREW OVERBOARD!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CREW OF THE SUB?

WE CAN'T VERY WELL LET YOU SAIL THAT SUB HOME BY YOURSELF, CHARLIE! CAN WE, LIEUTENANT?

NO, SIR!

O.K. ALL SET DOWN HERE.

A TOW LINE IS ATTACHED TO THE SUB.

AND THEY HEAD FOR HOME.

I BET THE FOLKS BACK HOME WON'T BELIEVE THIS!

CLICK

NEWS OF THE CAPTURED SUB HAS REACHED PORT.

WELL, SO LONG, FOLKS. I'M GONNA CALL MOM.

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

JUST A MINUTE, BUB! WHERE DO YA THINK YA GOIN'?

CHARLIE IS BROUGHT BACK, AND ---

HERE HE IS, SIR!

FINE!

AND NOW, FOR CONSPICUOUS BRAVERY IN CAPTURING AN ENEMY SUB, WE ARE AWARDED THIS MEDAL TO YOU!

GOSH!- GEE!- BUT I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! THEY JUST LEFT!

SO MODEST! JUST LIKE ALL HEROES

FINIS.

The CADET

FEATURING
KIT
CARTER

FASTER,
DAN- OR
WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT!!

DAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY'S ARTILLERY MANEUVERS PRODUCE MORE "FIREWORKS" THAN THE CADETS BARGAINED FOR- WITH KIT CARTER AND HIS PAL, DAN MERRY, RECEIVING MORE THAN THEIR SHARE

COLONEL TILGHMAN READS THE ORDERS OF THE DAY.....

TOMORROW, THE BATTALION, WITH FULL EQUIPMENT, WILL MAKE A MOTORIZED MARCH TO A WEEK'S BIVOUAC ON THE ARMY ARTILLERY RANGE-- CAPTAINS, DISMISS YOUR COMPANIES!

HOT DOGS AND COLD PUP TENTS- ARTILLERY MANEUVERS!

YAHBO! HOPE WE FIRE THE 105'S THIS YEAR!

THE NEXT MORNING, THE CONVOY STARTS ITS TREK TO THE RANGE.

WHOEVER HEARD OF MARCHING ON THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS?

AREN'T MAD ARE YOU, PAL, BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE TO WALK 90 MILES?





HERE WE ARE- AND THERE'S CHOW!

HOPE THE COOK'S SHOT A BEAR-- I COULD EAT ONE WHOLE!!



YOU DIDN'T GET BEAR-BUT THERE'S SECONDS ON BEANS!

OOPS! I SPILLED THE BEANS!

-AND I DON'T EVEN LIKE TO EAT BEANS!



HURRY UP, DAN, WE'LL GET PUNISHMENT FOR BEING SLOW!

OK, O.K., BUT MY UNIFORM'S "BEAN" RUINED!



GUARD DUTY TONIGHT, MERRY AND CARTER-YOU'RE TOO SLOW!

WOE IS ME!

YES, SIR!

LATER THAT AFTERNOON- INSTRUCTIONS START ON THE 37 MM. GUN.....

WE'LL FIRE AT 1000 YARDS. TOO MUCH FOREST FIRE SMOKE FOR TRACERS BEYOND THAT RANGE...



ISN'T THERE A FOREST RANGER ON TOP OF MT. BALDY?

YES, BUT HE'S THREE MILES ABOVE THE TARGETS. THE RANGE IS POSTED TO ALL CIVILIANS....

THE CADETS COMMENCE FIRING....



NICE SHOOTING, CARTER, BULL'S EYE ON YOUR SECOND ROUND!!

BOOM!

THAT NIGHT....

GUARD DUTY FOR
A GROWING BOY
WHO NEEDS HIS
SLEEP!

YOU'LL LEARN
SOMEDAY TO DO
THINGS
ON TIME!



BANG!

HALT!
WHO
WENT
THERE?



WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?

I WAS CHALLENGED!
SOMEONE SAID "WHO"? I'M
SUPPOSED TO CHALLENGE
FIRST, SO I SHOT INSTEAD!



SMART GUARD!
SHOT AT AN OWL
AND AWAKENED
THE CAMP!

SURE IT
WASN'T A
BAT - IN
HIS BELFRY?

THE GUY WHO
SPILLED THOSE
BEANS DID THIS
TO ME - GO
BLAME HIM!!



DAN, LOOK! A FOREST FIRE!
CALL THE GUARD!!

YOU CALL 'IM-
HE'S MAD AT
ME!

CORPORAL
OF THE
GUARD! POST
NUMBER 3!!



TEN MINUTES LATER--KIT AND DAN ARE READY.....

BOY, NOW WHAT'S COOKIN'?

THE RANGER ON TOP OF BALDY'LL TELL US---



HOW FAR CAN YOU TAKE US IN THIS JEEPOPPY?

YOU'LL ONLY HAVE TO WALK A MILE OR TWO, STRAIGHT UP!



THERE'S A BEAR! WISH WE'D BROUGHT OUR RIFLES!!

HUNTING'S AGAINST THE LAW HERE. GOVERNMENT RANGE AND CLOSED SEASON--ANYWAY BECAUSE OF FIRES--



O.K. BOYS--ROAD'S END--PILE OUT AND FOLLOW THAT TRAIL--UP!

SHALL WE PHONE YOU WHEN WE WANT A TAXI?



REMIND ME TO SUGGEST A HELICOPTER TO THE COLONEL NEXT TIME!!



NEVER MIND, PAL, THINK OF THE MUSCLE YOU'RE BUILDING!!

TWO HOURS LATER--TIMBERLINE--WHERE THE HIGH ALTITUDE, COLD, AND GALES KEEP TREES FROM GROWING.....

HOORAY! TIMBERLINE! NO FOREST FIRES CAN GET US NOW!

HOW ABOUT A REST AND SOME GRUB BEFORE I BLOW AWAY!?



HOW LONG DO WE SOJOURN ON THIS HILL?

UNTIL THE FIRES ARE UNDER CONTROL--MAYBE TWO OR THREE DAYS--







KIT SEMAPHORES THE FIRE LOCATION TO DAN.....



KIT SCANS THE MOUNTAIN SIDE FOR THE GUN-SHOT SOURCE - AND SEES---



AS KIT PREPARES TO SIGNAL THE STARTLING NEWS TO DAN - HE DISCOVERS DAN FRANTICALLY SIGNALLING FOR HIS ATTENTION..

P-H-O-N-E
O-U-T
F-I-R-E
G-O-T
W-I-R-E-S
C-O-M-E
B-A-C-K



KIT RETURNS TO THE
LOOKOUT WITH HIS
NEWS.....

HOW'LL WE
REPORT THE
FIRE?

WE CAN'T-LINE-
MEN SENT FROM
H.Q. TO FIX THE
WIRES WILL REPORT
IT- WE REST
'TIL IT'S FIXED--

-BUT THERE'S SHOOTING BELOW-AND
A CAR AT ROAD'S END--

WHAT? WE'VE GOT TO
GET THEM UP HERE
QUICKLY-BEFORE THE
FIRE GETS THEM!

BUT WHO
CAN THEY BE?
NO ONE'S
ALLOWED
THERE!!

I'VE A HUNCH THEY'RE
BLACK MARKET DEER
HUNTERS - I'VE GOT TO
SAVE THEIR LIVES AND
SEND THEM TO JAIL!!

I CAN GET DOWN IN
HALF AN HOUR- BACK IN
THREE WITH LUCK- IT'S
RISKY- BUT- YOU FELLOWS
STAY HERE
AND KEEP
ALERT!

I HOPE HE MAKES IT-THOSE GUYS
MAY BE TOUGH CUSTOMERS!

RIGHT! THEY'VE ALREADY BROKEN
THREE LAWS -CLOSED SEASON
HUNTING-TRESPASSING ON
ARMY LAND AND BLACK
MARKET---

HEY!
WHAT'S
UP?

C'MON, PAL-LET'S SHOVE OFF--
WE MAY BE NEEDED--

LOOK!

SLOW DOWN AND KEEP
HIDDEN WHEN WE
GET NEAR!!



THE RANGER AND DAN HAVE SET BACK-
FIRES BY A LITTLE STREAM FLOWING
DOWN THE MOUNTAIN----



THREE HOURS LATER, EXHAUSTED, BUT
SAFE, AT THE TIMBERLINE....



THEIR CIGARETTES STARTED
THAT FIRE-I GOT THE DROP
ON TWO, BUT THE THIRD
SLUGGED ME FROM
BEHIND.....



THE RANGER QUICKLY RELATES
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE
PILOT SENT TO CHECK ON THEIR
SAFETY WHEN THE LINEMEN
REPORTED THE FIRE----





**HEY, FELLERS!
YOU SHOULD'VE
SEEN JIMMY
LICK BIG BUTCH
WITH JU-JITSU!**

**THE BIG BULLY! ALWAYS
PICKING ON SMALLER
KIDS.**



**I'M GOING TO TEACH
THAT GUY A LESSON.**

**IT'S NO USE, JIMMY,
BUTCH IS TOO BIG FOR YOU.**



**I DON'T KNOW ABOUT
THAT. I'VE GOT A FEW
TRICKS UP MY
SLEEVE.**

**WOW! LOOK AT JIMMY FIGHT.
I'M GOING TO LEARN
LIGHTNING JU-JITSU
TOO!**



**ARE
YOU
BEING
PUSHED AROUND
BY BIGGER
FELLOWS?**

**JUST A
SAMPLE
OF WHAT
YOU'LL FIND
IN THIS
AMAZING BOOK**

- How to beat a boxer
- How to beat a wrestler
- How to hit where it hurts
- How to break a body grip
- The answer to a right hook
- How to break a wrist-lock
- How to break a half-nelson
- How to break a strangle-hold
- How to disarm a hold-up man
- How to flip a man over your hip
- How to apply the "teeth-rattler"
- How to knock-out an enemy with one blow
- How to somersault a man over your shoulder

Have you been "scared" of some one because he knows how to box or wrestle and you don't? Have you thought of yourself as just not being able to fight at all?

Then STOP taking it, fellow, and BEGIN doing it out! Here's the great new book on JU-JITSU—the method our Commandos use—the technique that will make you a REAL FIGHTING MAN!

The incredible things you've heard about JU-JITSU may sound like fairy tales—but they're all true. Skinny featherweights do somersaults 200 pounds through space... a poke of the finger can knock an opponent into dreamland... professional boxers and wrestlers do admit that a JU-JITSU expert is too tough for them!

Now you, too, can become an expert—and built just as you are! That's the beauty of JU-JITSU. Yes, even though you weigh less than 100 pounds, you can learn how to bowl over your enemies like a Commando knocking over the Japs. It doesn't take weeks or months. In double quick time—without gadgets, without big muscles—you will be tougher than you ever dreamed. Then imagine how your friends will admire you—how proud your family and your girl friend will be of you—when you've shown them that you've become a real fighting man.

GET AS TOUGH AS THE COMMANDOS!

The Rangers and Commandos know JU-JITSU and rely upon it to protect their lives when they find themselves in desperate hand-to-hand combat with Japs and Nazis. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps teach JU-JITSU to our men.

Police and G-Men are experts. Surely, you want to become as tough as these hard-hitting heroes. LIGHTNING JU-JITSU can teach you as it has quickly taught thousands and thousands of other fellows.

**FREE IF YOU
ACT QUICKLY!**

By filling out the coupon and mailing it right away, you will get a copy of the sensational new POLICE AND G-MAN TRICKS. Here are revealed the holds and counterholds that officers of the law employ in dealing with dangerous criminals. Supply limited. Act promptly to get your free copy.



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☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman 98c (plus 32c postage and C.O.D. charges).
☐ I enclose \$1.00. Send postage paid (5 day guarantee holds!).

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CITY.....STATE.....

(Money must accompany order from points outside of U.S.)

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FREE



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The amazing part of the CLARINET HARMONET, is that it is a genuine musical instrument... yet, you can play it during the very first lesson even if you have had no previous musical knowledge. More surprising is the fun and popularity that will follow you when you play this CLARINET HARMONET. You will be sought everywhere and gain friends. You will find this musical instrument a tonic for happiness, a companion to while away time that now seems to hang heavy when you are alone... you'll play real music... real songs and you will play by ear or from notes. The CLARINET HARMONET, is actually played and not hummed through, but it is so easy to master, you will be astonished. When you've mastered this instrument, you've learned the basic fingering of the Saxophone, Clarinet and Flute.

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SCHOOLS & GROUPS Write for our Special Proposition

ALL OF THIS INCLUDED—ONLY

\$1.98

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